THE east village OTHER

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 5 JANUARY 7, 1970 METROPOLITAN 15¢ NATIONAL 35¢

OUR MAN OF THE YEAR

THE SILENT MAJORITY

HI RAP

Jaakov Kohn

This time of year, everybody goes through some kind of crystal-ball gazing--backwards or forwards. Not that it matters. We all know what happened in the past, and haven't got the faintest notion what will happen in the future. We all know that SOMETHING will happen--we are just hovering there on the brink, holding our breath, out of habit; but let's face it, we don't know a damn thing about the future. We all have our wishful dreams, and with luck we act out our fantasies--"The war is over", "Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh", "Love". But the day-to-day reality glaringly negates it all.

In a recent conversation, Irene Pappas said, "Dictators are doing something very deep. They turn you back to murder, because you have to murder them. They turn you back to murder so that you must evolve again. They make you play the game."

That's what's happening to us, and we choose to ignore it. We are all too eager to play the Man's game on his terms, and to make things worse, we choose to ignore the obvious. The game we are being coaxed into is violence--murder--bullshit, obvious channels leading toward the deathblow aimed at our communal conciousness.

That's what we know. The fact that the rituals of our past dissent have fizzled out certainly can't be denied.

The fact that we've driven Johnson out of power does not negate the reality of Richard Nixon.

The number of our martyrs is increasing, and martyrdom is certainly no virtue--revolutionary or otherwise.

Rhetoric and bleeding hearts haven't changed a thing as yet, and the futility of past methods should be obvious to all.

Alternatives have been offered. Tim Leary says that we should etiher use the structure and the energy within the system to bring about a mutational evolution, or drop out and ignore the unreality of the Twentieth Century.

Obviously these are the two most realistic alternatives facing us. To yell, holler, and stomp our feet didn't make it in the Sixties, and there's no concrete evidence that it'll be the formula in the Seventies.

Let's not get lost in the euphoria of our fantasies by falling prey to the temptation of becoming the Gooks of our own graveyards.

To quote Tim Leary: "Let's stop messing around with these low-level polarities. Let's grow up. Tall and very high."

Happy New Year

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Second Class Postage paid at N.Y., N.Y.
THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate). The East Village Other is published weekly at 105 Second Avenue, N.Y., NY 10003. 1 year subscription $6.00 (52 issues).
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NON-PAYMENT OF WAR TAXES

BY RAY SCHULTZ

Depriving the United States government of your money appears to be even more difficult than depriving it of your body these days, but according to the founder of a group called the War Tax Resistence, it can and should be done—in the comfort and privacy of your own home, in fact.

The cat's name is Brad Lyttle; he is a photographer who has not paid his federal income tax for ten years. Working out of an office in the building of the War Resister's League on Lafayette Street, he is trying to organize private citizens into the act of "resisting," payment of tax monies that would be used for military purposes: roughly 80% of the income tax dollar, and 100% of the telephone tax.

"It's an old revolutinary practice," he said last week. "Thoreau wrote about it, the Quakers did it—for several years now, pacifist groups have refused to pay their federal taxes as a protest against government defense policies. It's a very logical thing. As citizens, we are repelled by the war in Vietnam, and dismayed with the misuse of our tax money for the purpose of waging this immoral war. I just wish we had an office manager here.

"Up to now, the resistence has been pretty much a token thing. People did it here and there and the government put a line on their bank accounts or garneshed their salaries. What we're hoping to do now is to build it into a more serious and sustained movement,not just a one-shot thing. We want to build it into a movement that would not only *keep* the money from the government, but by so doing, end the war itself.

"We hope to eventually set up 100 autonomous branches throughout the country, including local chapters in the city. Right now we've got two branches, one in Philadelphia and one in Chicago. I'll be going on the road in January to do some talking and organizing. If the word is spread properly, we might get tens and possibly hundreds of thousands of people to participate."

The Tax Resistance group is distributing pamphlets now that give instructions on just how to outfox the IRS. The most substantial of these, "The Handbook on Nonpayment of War Taxes," lists several testimonies and case histories of people who have tried the thing before, and the legal implications of each particular type of case. The standard nonpayment procedures are summed up by these rules:

I. NONPAYMENT:

A. Earn a nontaxable income (here meaning one too low to be taxed).

1. File a return to show no taxes owed.

2. Don't file a return (law requires a return to be filed when $600 or more has been earned during the year).

B. Earn a taxable income, but avoid having taxes withheld. (Some ways are: work in several part-time jobs, work for yourself, work in partnership, contract your special service, work as a minister of the gospel, agricultural laborer or domestic servant.)

1. File a tax return and refuse to pay an amount proportionate to military spending (80% for past, present and pending wars, or 54% for "major military security," or some other portion).

2. File and refuse to pay any tax.

3. Don't file and don't pay.

II. NONPAYMENT OF TAXES NOT WITHHELD (where some have been withheld):

A. File a return and refuse to pay taxes that are yet owed (giving a record of total income, and the part not paid.)

B. File no return and refuse to pay taxes yet owed (giving no record of total income or of the part not paid).

III. NONREPORTING, where total taxes have already been withheld:

A. Even though total taxes have been paid through withholding, don't file a return.

B. Even though total taxes have been overpaid through withholding, don't file for a refund.

When you simply refuse to pay the taxes, the government will attach your income or some other form of property. A family in Ohio had their house seized in this manner and put up for sale by sealed bids. The only sealed bid to be offered, of course, was their own for $12,500. They got the house back and later most of the money they had borrowed to make the bid—after taxes were deducted. But it did put the Internal Revenue Service through some fast and heavy changes, and it's an excellent example of how to fuck Uncle Sam.

When you refuse to declare your income at all, you stand liable to contempt charges. Thus far, only two people in the peace movement have been sent to jail for it—one for thirty days, the other for ninety. It's fairly easy to beat. As for attaching your pay, Congress recently passed a law the government siezure of a person' paycheck is not automatic grounds for that person's dismissal—so you're safe on that score.

Beating the telephone tax seems simple enough. You just pay your ordinary phone bill—minus the 10% tax (which was imposed in 1966 to bolster the war effort). A leaflet on the action describes the extensive series of form the IRS sends you and the possible measures the government might do to get the bread. In the end, you are completely free of all possible presecution (they usually manage to collect some way)—and you may have cost the government something like $70 to collect your measly two or three buks tax. A real winner.

"Realistically speaking," Brad Lyttle says, "this is mostly a middle-class action. The thing is most effective with people who have some kind of income. The lower classes are just too insecure; even if they're against the war, most of them are reluctant to take on the Federal Government. But it's really not that difficult. The government rarely prosecutes; they just threaten to."

"Naturally, we encourage people to send us the money they would have paid in taxes. But we would be just as happy if they donated it to some constructive thing—like some U.N. program.

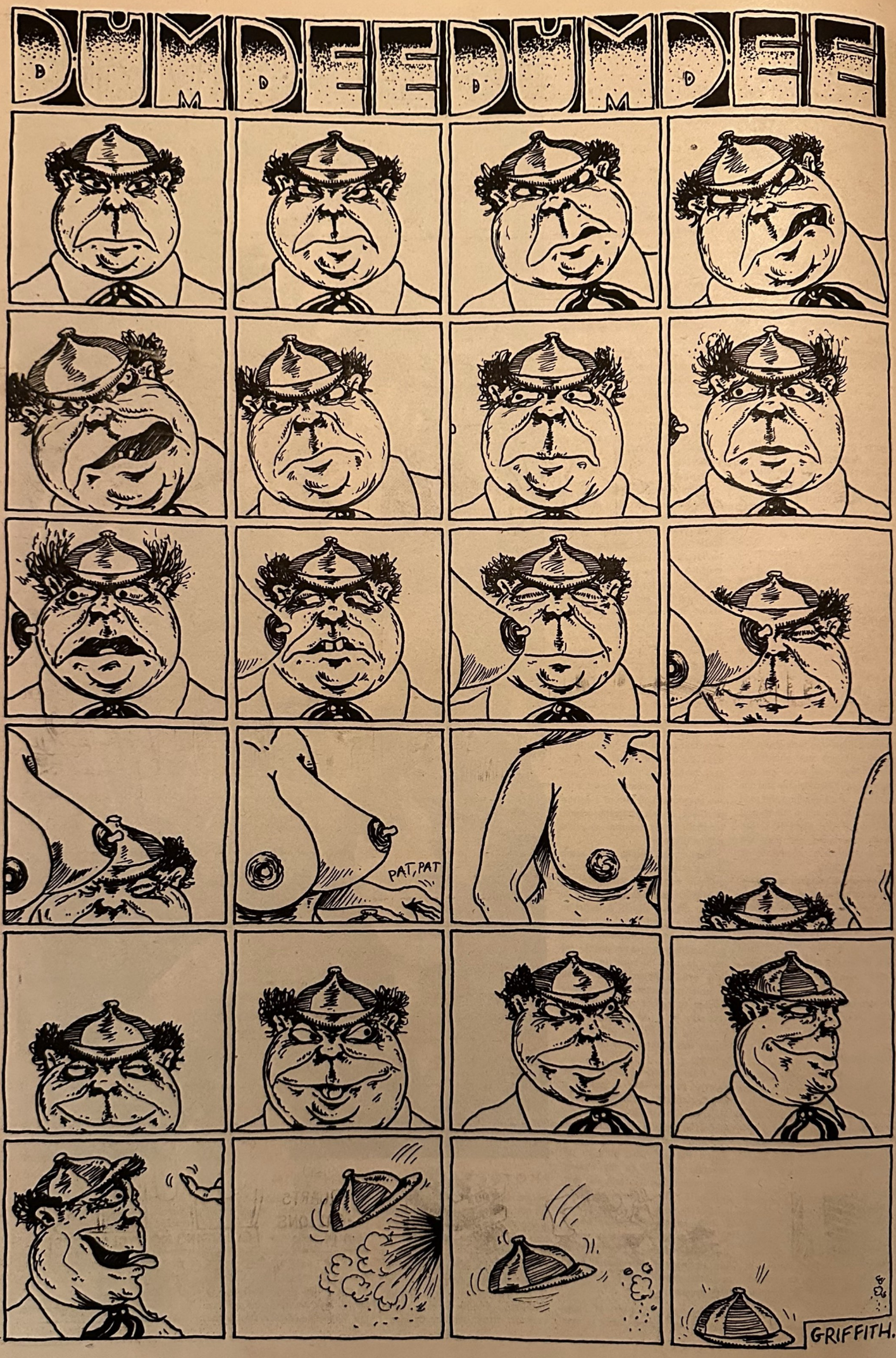
"Right now, I'm sort of doing everything around here. It was Norma Becker's idea this summer, she got me into it, and Kenneth Love is also very involved. But I'm really too busy now; we really need an office manager."

The sponsers of the resistance include such folks as Winslow Ames, Joan Baez, James Bristol, Noam Chomsky, Frank Collins, Tom Cornell, Prof. William Davidon, Dorothy Day, Dave Dellinger, Barbara Demming, Ralph DiGia, Prof. Douglas Dowd, Prof. Margaret Eberbach, Ruth Gage-Colby, Allen Ginsberg, Bob Haskell, James Leo Herlihy, Faye Knopp, David McReynolds, Stewart and Charlotte Meacham, Rev. Arthur Melville, Karl Meyer, Jack Newfield, Grace Paley, Igal Roodenko, Rev. Finley Schaef, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Marj and Bob Swann, Arthur Waskow, George and Lillian Willoughby, and Irma Zigas.

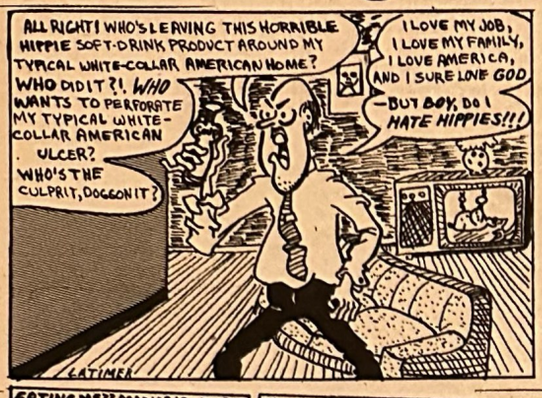
If you want some more info on the whole thing, contact the WAR TAX RESISTANCE, 339 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012 (228-0450).

And don't forget: Brad Lyttle needs an office manager.

PHOTO: RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN


DUMDEEDUMDEE
PAT, PAT
GRIFFITH.

"Souper Stupor" — STARRING — SELWYN SPUD


ALL RIGHT! WHO'S LEAVING THIS HORRIBLE HIPPIE SOFT-DRINK PRODUCT AROUND MY TYPICAL WHITE-COLLAR AMERICAN HOME?
WHO DID IT?! WHO WANTS TO PERFORATE MY TYPICAL WHITE-COLLAR AMERICAN ULCER?
WHO'S THE CULPRIT, DOGGONIT?
I LOVE MY JOB, I LOVE MY FAMILY, I LOVE AMERICA, AND I SURE LOVE GOD
-BUT BOY, DO I HATE HIPPIES!!!
LATIMER

BY JIM, SONG BOY'S GOING TO PAY FOR THIS! FINE THING - A MAN WORKS ALL DAY IN THE OFFICE, BATTLES THE RUSH HOUR TO GET HOME, AND FOR WHAT?! BUT I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS, OR I'LL KNOW THE REASON WHY!! DICK? DICK?!
DICK!!

EATING ME?! DADDIO?!? WHERE DO YOU GET OFF TALKING TO YOUR FATHER LIKE THAT!! I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, BOY! JUST BECAUSE I'M TOO BUSY TO KEEP AN EYE ON YOU, DON'T THINK YOU CAN TURN INTO SOME TEENAGER WITHOUT MY PERMISSION!

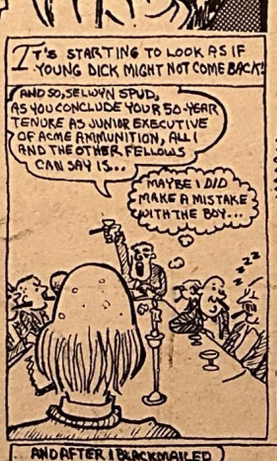
HIGH TIME WE HAD SOME DISCIPLINE HERE, BOY! I WASN'T LANCE CORPORAL IN THE FIGHTIN' 37TH FOR NOTHING! FIRST A BATH! A HAIRCUT! A JOB! SHAPE UP OR SHIP OUT, BOY!
OR?

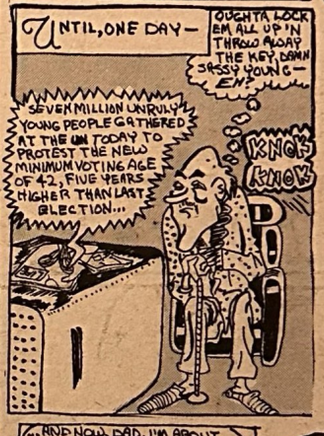
AND SO...
3 AM... LOOKS LIKE THAT YOUNG HIPPIE SON OF MINE'S STAYING WITH HIS HIPPIE FRIENDS! OH WELL... I'LL BELT HIM GOOD WHEN HE GETS UP THE GUTS TO COME HOME!
OTPOINT

TIME PASSES...
SELWYN - DICK'S BEEN GONE FOR NEARLY A MONTH NOW! DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD MAYBE CALL THE POLICE?
HE'S OUR SON, THELMA! OUR SON! NOT THEIRS - OURS!

AND PASSES...
UNFORTUNATELY, IF HE'S BEEN GONE OVER A YEAR NOW, THERE'S NOT MUCH THE CHURCH CAN DO TO HELP! OUR CHILDREN HAVE LOST FAITH IN THE AMERICAN WAY, THE WAY OF GOD! IT'S TOO LATE! OF COURSE, I ADVISE YOU TO PRAY...

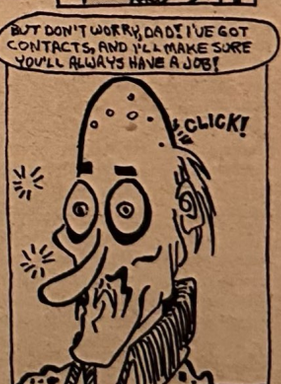
AND YET MORE TIME PASSES...
SO SHE NEVER GOT OVER IT WHEN THE BOY RAN AWAY TO THE HIPPIES, HUH? WELL, THAT'S KIDS FOR YOU, SELF! THEY JUST DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA...
BLETHERWIT FUNERAL HOMES, INC.

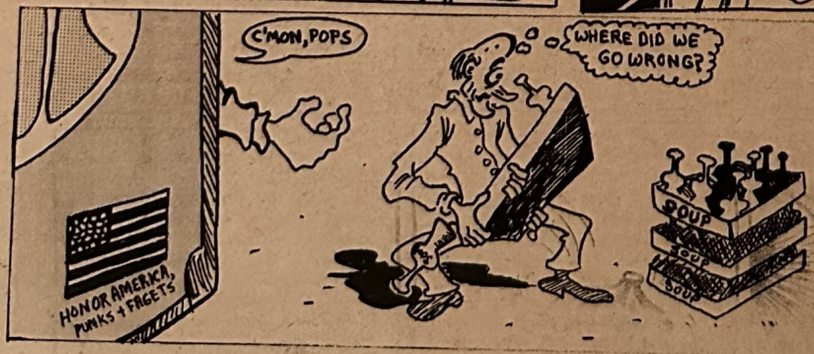

IT'S STARTING TO LOOK AS IF YOUNG DICK MIGHT NOT COME BACK!
AND SO, SELWYN SPUD, AS YOU CONCLUDE YOUR 50-YEAR TENURE AS JUNIOR EXECUTIVE OF ACME AMMUNITION, ALL I AND THE OTHER FELLOWS CAN SAY IS...
MAYBE I DID MAKE A MISTAKE WITH THE BOY...


UNTIL, ONE DAY -
OUGHTA LOCK 'EM ALL UP 'N THROW AWAY THE KEY, DAMN SASSY YOUNG - EH!
SEVEN MILLION UNRULY YOUNG PEOPLE GATHERED AT THE UN TODAY TO PROTEST THE NEW MINIMUM VOTING AGE OF 42, FIVE YEARS HIGHER THAN LAST ELECTION...
KNOCK KNOCK

AND AFTER I BLACKMAILED THE MAJORITY STOCKHOLDERS, I MADE A DEAL WITH THE JERSEY MAFIA, AND...
YECH! I'LL HAVE TO GET HEAVE TO REDO THE DUMP...
OL' SON

...AND NOW, DAD, I'M ABOUT TO MAKE THE MOST SATISFYING DEAL OF MY CROOKED CAREER!
WHAT'S THAT, OLE SON?
I'M FORECLOSING ON YOUR MORTGAGE





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WRIT + DREW BY RA. LATIMER

HISTORY REASSESSES ITSELF - THE FIRST TEN YEARS

BY DAVID WALLEY

If anyone wants to remember that far back, the 60's will recede from our view not with a wimper but a bang. Looking ten years back is a favorite journalistic exercise; wait until the year 2000 for a wrap-up of the Millenium—YOU KNOW WHO will do it," Religion was down in the second thousand years, closing at 1150 cults, 7 major, and 700 minor religions; oppression was mixed." I can hear it right now, though I'll probably be inhabiting some sort of psychedelic old age home for rotten crochety old men, rotten old men that nobody wants anymore. Right, and all the rest of this generation's angry men will be sitting around with me recounting tales of the Rolling Stones and the Beatles, then a fond fiction. In the year 2000 there will be total legality of drugs, and the real rebels will be back belting down countraband Scotch, using rubbers, and balling in the back seat of Daddy's sapce ship—yeah, the whole continuum will yo-yo back into perspective.

History of a decade is like watching someone play with a yo-yo. Ask Thomas Pynchon about yo-yoing sometime; Benny Profane in *V* serves as the mid-american man, the man caught in the 60's between the placidity of the Eisenhower generation, undercut by the uprising Beat culture, and the mid-cosmic man, looking at the cosmos with greedy eyes.

Looking back at the decade only reinforces my contention that the nation is taking up the slack from the Twenties. Look around and you can see the same compulsive behavior which characterized the more frenetic days of Flaming Youth and bathtub gin. Everyone was living vicariously. The whole Jay Gatsby syndrone was a pure literary invention concocted by the expatirot writers Hemmingway, Fitzgerald, Pound, Ford Maddox Ford, G. Stein—you know the lot of major American writers now so elevated by the vicissitudes of college English teaching. Look at the sixties as the logical bridge with the Twenties—the vague prosperity foreshadowed by impending doom, the extravagant attitude of the rich, the prohibatory crack-down on drugs in a teeming sea of illegal use, the Dadaist nature of the arts—it's all there. The relationship can be nursed by those more skilled in academic jargon. More to the point, not only is one segment turned on to a rather wild way of living, but a while generation of young people (people who think young). War babies of the 40's are the Flaming Youth generation which our grandparents and parents, if there were no Depression, would have been themselves. Here is one major theme of the Sixties which we have gleaned: mistrust and self-hate.

Perhaps we are in the midst of a generational war, media word that it is. There have been many reasons advanced for its presence, some manufactured, some real. The most obvious reason for its concept deals presently with the centuries-old problem of the envy which age has for youth, or at least youthful ideas. Our parents worked hard for their bread, growing up in an atmosphere unconceivable to anyone now. They lived with the threat of economic extinction—jobs were scanty, jobs with any security like pension plans or major medical programs were non-existent. The greatest good was to have a secure job. It didn't matter exactly what one did so long as it was steady. This mentality pervades many of the arguments today between the generations, albeit it is neither a novel nor easily solved one. The war between the generations is as old as Man; Plato, Aristotle, Juvenal, Horace and other such hoary old men from ancient Greece and Rome have debated the question and have come out essentially like your mother, principle, Dean or President. No matter what happens nothing is going to change the fact that people are born and die at different times and rates and it is never going to get that together inspite of the youth rhetoric.

The generation gap in the 60's has, however, become a catchword to characterize anything which is incapable of being transmitted down the generational ladder, like the need for an Asian land war to boost the economy (remember the button, "War is good business, invest your son"), or the need to keep some segments of the population in economic bondage (remember the argument, "Well, they're used to having servile jobs and besides their education doesn't warrent training, they're so stupid and ignorant), or the need to persecute some people because they choose to look as they please (Dirty freak!), or the need to spend more than 3/4 of a nation's budget on defense because a government is paranoid about the principle of self-determination. If you don't agree with those things, then of course you are suffering from an acute case of "generation gap" which can only be cured by old age and taxes. Tough luck.

What has grown out of the generation gap at least in this decade is something else marvelous. Inspite of the hassles by the governnment, state/local, education authorities, and the military, America of the Sixties has spawned a most unusual crop of sentient beings who are aware of history as they are living it, viz the Chicago slogan, "The whole world is watching." Media has made us wise and calloused. Watching television has become more popular than getting down on Milltowns. The sixties made tv really come into its own, but only for the benefit of a few, and only as an entertainment medium, and sometimes a great teacher. Television has made radicals and conservatives aware of the need for communication to the "silent majority", or if not communication, then at least image-making. Why today, television is such a sophisticated advertising medium that it can sell politics like soap and suppositories. It can make a president by giving him Trendix ratings. Television in the sixties has made many people passively turned on, and the vital issue of the seventies will be whether people will be able to relate what they see on the screen actively or whether it will become a tool of the government to spread its message of anti-goodwill and bad taste.

The sixties developed a media-hip audience but not the will to see beyond the pale fiction brought to you in living color. Television brought rock to many people. It did not popularize the music as much as it served to communicate the fact that there were many people from all parts of the country turned on to the *same* music (and when the music's the same, the message is as well). Woodstock, Monteray, and alas poor Altamont were the culmination of the spirit which the screen had been projecting. Perhaps the Woodstock nation was not as sophisticated, but they knew the shuck argument of the generation gap and the plastic sheen of the media hippie.

It will be interesting to see whether in the seventies, the straight media will do more to radicalize people and spread the word of personal liberation. (Funny thing about the rise of the hippie and the rise of the SDS in '67, it was all part of the same media campaign to editorialize by showing people in action . . . then the tables turned). If anything will cause a more active revolution in this country, it will be American capitalism which has the ability to make anything a commodity. By packaging goods centered around the image of freak, odd or hip, television promoted, though not genuine, a climate in which people can move further away from accepted standards of behavior. Conceivable in the next decade, your local newscaster will be the friendly freak replete with beads and dilated pupils who will tell you that negotiations have started making

(Continued on Page 14)

DECOMPOSITION

BY DA LATIMER

So it's been a couple weeks since this space was filled with the usual pastry, right? Almost a month. During that time, we have learned about hippie cultists murdering starlets in Los Angeles, and boys in Vietnam murdering unarmed bystanders, and police all over the country murdering Black Panthers, and somebody at a Rolling Stones Christmas/Chanakuh Concert murdering somebody else, and that has not been all too pleasant. The late movies on television, on the other hand, have been unusually stimulating and entertaining. One of these days that medium is going to beat out Parcheesi as a groovy way of killing time. But there's this problem with television, in that the commercials are becoming so good these days that one can actually become stimulated watching them.

For example, in the wee small hours between Boris Karloff and Danny Kaye, many channels have taken to running a public service commercial featuring some Negro comedian called Flip Wilson. Now, I can't remember from my TV-watching youth that there were any spade comedians on like Ed Sullivan or Johnny Carson, there were just Jewish and Italian characters telling Jewish or Italian jokes. To this I tenatively attribute my utter inability to distinguish between Jews and Italians, being that they all told the same jokes. So maybe it's cool now that there are spade comedians—I mean, Flip Wilson is evidently a cut above Amos 'N Andy—and maybe we can expect a consequent erosion of racial discimrination over the next generation or so.

But there's this commercial, see, with this really hip-looking spade dude, Flip Wilson, and he's rapping about what young fellows from the developments ought to do with themselves. It doesn't last much more than thirty seconds, if that. And he's rapping away with all this lovely terminology—you expect him to deliver a shill for the Urban League or something—and at the end of it the insignia of the National Guard passes over his features. The National Guard! Shit!! You know the National Guard, it gets called out every time President Nixon feels a fart come on. And stands there bristling with bayonets and helmets and tear gas mortars until the disorder has been put down.

So watching this Flip Wilson coming on for the National Guard lends you, if you are of any sensible disposition, a good inkling of what it must be like for a Queens housewife to look into her son's copy of KISS. After the last fortnight of Panther killings, this commercial can really bring home to you the concept of Obscenity.

I mean, murdering is one thing. On 4 December, 1969, in search of contraband firearms the Chicago police broke into the West Side apartment of Black Panther Party state chairman Fred Hampton and murdered him in his bed. With him they murdered Panther Mark Clark, and the six other people present they shot up pretty badly. This was at five in the morning, and since the neighbors were asleep we have to rely on police accounts of the slaughter. According to the police, they were shot at after knocking on the door, and thus had no choice but to go in shooting everybody up, including the two pregnant girls staying at Hampton's pad (both shot in the groin, coincidentally enough). Two policemen were injured, one by flying glass, the other by a shotgun pellet. Fred Hampton and Mark Clark are dead.

Four days later, on the eighth, Los Angeles police suddenly fired upon the headquarters of the Black Panther Party on Central Avenue in Los Angeles. Another five-in-the morning deal. This time the Panthers really did shoot back, and the resulting racket woke up the neighborhood, who swarmed out in support of the Panthers. Although the pigs repeatedly attacked the crowd with clubs and tear gas, the community refused to be dispersed until the Panthers had been safely escorted out of the house into the paddy wagons. The Panthers held out for four hours, during which the media showed up, providing them with an opportunity to broadcast their intention to surrender peacefully. Thus it happened that nobody was killed by the pigs this time around, because murder in front of witnesses is an unpopular tactic.

See, if things are done just right it's hard for the pigs to get away with outright murder. They've been murdering people with increasing vigor and impunity since the People's Park massacre in Berkeley last spring—that was when they found out they could get away with it—so the thing is to work out counter-tactics to it. The Panthers clearly have the Los Angeles community on their side, so it's mostly a matter of alerting the neighborhood before the shooting starts. An air-raid siren might be cooler than guns, but then again, you do have to keep the pig at gunshot distance until the people next door get dressed and out on the street.

The LA Panthers have evidently been working these things out. Lord knows they've had enough time. On any number of occasions over a month before the police attack, the LA Panther headquarters on Central Avenue and Exposition Avenue had been visited by the pigs. Usually the pigs would merely stand outside in the dark, shouting such pleasantries as, 'We know you got guns in there, niggers, why don't you use them?' However, on the night the Central Avenue offices were being attacked, pigs also fired on the Exposition Boulevard address—a private residence—and lobbed in several tear gas cannisters. When the inhabitants of the building, mostly black tenants, were forced out into the street by the gas, they were kicked and beaten by the police and forced to lie flat on the ground for two hours. After that, the people were taken, Panthers and their neighbors alike, to the police station and forced to stand at attention against a wall for the rest of the night. In the morning they were released.

The thing is, you know, all this is murder and attempted murder. (Remember Bobby Hutton? He gave up, but they killed him anyway: Murder.) It'll have to stop eventually, once it becomes clear that the pigs are out to murder the Panthers and the community finds means to make murder impractical. But *why* are they murdering the Panthers, anyway? Because they carry guns? Do you see pigs raiding Minutemen offices? The Minutemen carry guns, but can you imagine what'd happen if the pigs gunned down one of those honkies in his bed? Why, that'd be murder! No, the pigs are killing the Panthers because the Panthers are doing something: after the success of the School Breakfast Program and the innovation of free medical clinics in Black communities, the Panthers and the communities have been damn tight. This irks the Pig, and he kills.

Personally, I can't understand any of this. How do you just kill somebody? Like, My Lai and Chicago—how is this done? More importantly, though, how is it tolerated? This Sharon Tate business got people all uptight, and rightly so, filled them with righteous vengeance and provoked a lot of discussion. The Daily NEWS, among many others, decided that this was definitely where hippies have always been at, and there's an end on it. On My Lai, though, the consensus seems to be that somebody got carried away and isn't it a shame that poor lieutenant is getting framed for the whole thing? And as for the Panthers, well, the police may have overreacted again, but then, what can you do with those horrible savages? The only faintly redeeming aspect of all this wierded reasoning is that it reeks from shame, and maybe shame will help things along a little.

From the Panther murders, though, it's conceivable that something vastly regenerative may spring. Hell, even Arthur Goldberg was moved to suggest that something ought to be done to prevent such things. Roy Wilkins came out against the police! It's not the usual polarisation pattern that occurs after things like My Lai or a Moratorium, because this time a lot of frightened liberals are squaring off against the system. And this is unusually farsighted of them, to realise that if the system is going to start fooling around with murder. . . . Then it's time to get the national guard up.

To Princess Judy and all her
beauties I send showers of red rain
The apricot lion asleep in the garden
is high on the scent of her dreams
She plays in the rosewoods of her per-
fumed land. Her magic turns on the trees
Feel her colors whiz by and touch you.
She's just what you want her to be

Whirling dirvishes and dancing boys
with black gold feathers in their hair
And magicians and scholars in flowing robes
and their students opened and free
And wearing feathers ablaze in their fires
wanting to hold the sun in their palms
Stop for awhile in her perfumed world
she takes you where you've never been

HARVEY KRAMER

CHICAGO BLUES
by Renfru Neff

Last week Julius the Just ruled that there would be no Christmas holiday from the trial, that the jury would be unsequestered only for Christmas day and, accompanied by Federal marshals, allowed to spend it with their families. Though Nixon has since declared Friday the 26th a national holiday for all Federal employees, it's doubtful that the jurors will be permitted a 4-day weekend at home. Even if the trial didn't resume until Monday morning, they would still probably get just Christmas day at home and go back into sequestration from Friday till Monday, and the marshals would probably be getting overtime pay for all four days.

No matter what's finally decided the situation gives rise to all sorts of speculation .... none of it good if one assumes that after three months in a hotel room without access to newspapers, radio and tube, those jurors are going to come back on Friday or Monday morning without being slightly, as they say, "tainted". Or if you start wondering what it's like to take a marshal home for Christmas. No matter which way you look at it, this doesn't seem to be the sort of group that could stay stoned till the whole thing blew over.

In any event, this piece is dedicated to the jury, a little Christmas extra to tide them over when the back-dates run out. And give *Personals* to your convenient household marshal.

No doubt it's been very confusing, these past three months of hearing about "the revolution". It must be hard to piece things together from all those testimonies and movies, and God knows, it can't be easy figuring out why those seven men have been sitting in the courtroom for three months when witnesses come in to tell you a "revolution" is going down but none of them had anything to do with it. You've been there for three months yourself, something must have flashed by now. But it's still hard to fit it all together, isn't it? I mean, if someone were to ask you about this curious "revolution", you couldn't connect it all up, but you'd be able to say that the revolution is a muletrain; it's watching that muletrain pass on a screen while a black man sits gagged and shackled in the room with you. The revolution is three Jerry Rubins. A plainclothesman tells you the revolution is a young couple fucking in a tree while some kids below are building a barricade. A lot of plainclothesmen seem to be part of the revolution. The revolution is a shaggy poet humming sanskrit and reading obscenities in the courtroom. It's Abby Hoffman revealing that Spiro Agnew was the entrepreneur behind the disruptions of the Democratic convention. The revolution is a birthday cake being arrested.

Dedicated to all those who see something happening and don't know what it is, the following exerpts from the transcripts (thanks Abe Peck) are offered in the interest of clarification. In the interest of improving communications, they have been abridged from the transcripts without interuption from government attorneys and are presented as statements to help you understand this confusing issue.

From the testimony of Linda Morse:

The government of the United States has lost its credibility today ... There is fighting going on in the United States right now. People are fighting to regain their liberty, fighting to regain their freedom, fighting for a totally different society, people in the black community, people in the Puerto Rican community, people in the Mexican-American community, and people in the white communities. They are fighting by political means as well as defending themselves.

Revolutionary party? My ultimate goal is to create a soceity that is a free society; that is a joyous society ... where everyone has a chance to express themself artistically or politically or spiritually or religiously.

A revolution won't occur without people being aware of it. It is not going to be 500 radicals taking over the United States. Before you can change society, you have to make people aware of the sicknesses in the society and that the only solution to those sicknesses is a revolution, but that is not the same as saying that you have to have a revolution first and then people will become aware. It is impossible to have a revolution unless all of the people want it ... People make the revolution. A small band of radicals like the stereotype doesn't make a revolution.

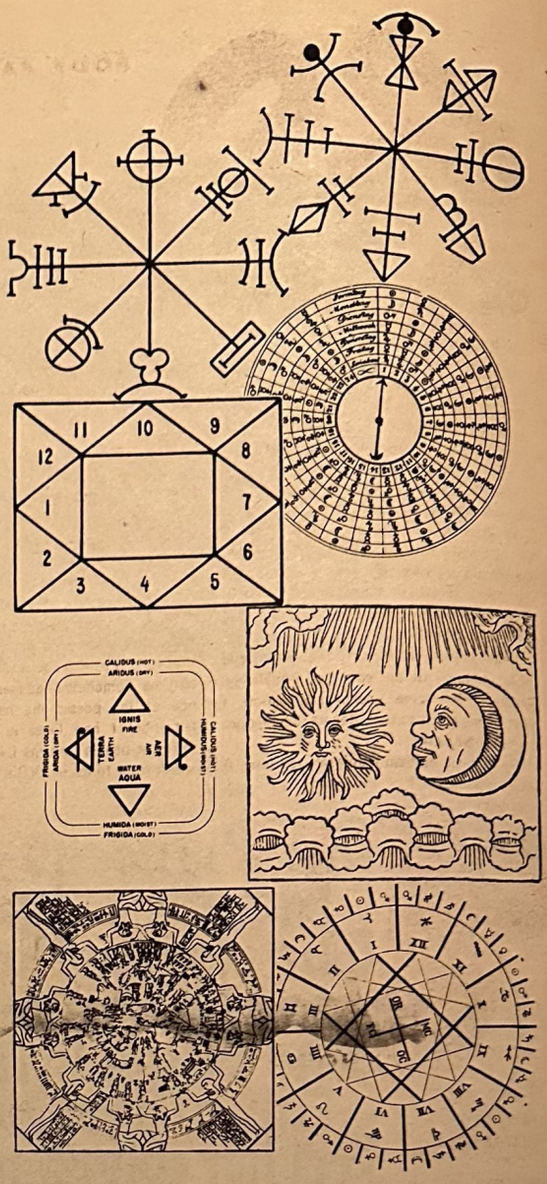
From the testimony of Allen Ginsberg:

Most of our consciousness, since we are continually looking at images on television and listening to words, reading newspapers, talking in courts as this, most of our consciousness is filled with language, with a kind of matter babble behind the ears, a continuous yackety-yack that actually prevents us from breathing deeply in our bodies and sensing more subtly and sweetly the feelings that we actually do have as persons to each other rather than as to talking machines.

The planet earth, at the present moment, is endangered by violence, over-population, ecological destruction brought about by our own greed: ... The younger children in America and other countries of the world might not survive the next thirty years.... It is a planetary crisis that has not been recognized by any government of the world and has not been recognized by our own government, nor the politicians who are preparing for elections ... The younger people of America are aware of that, and that is precisely what is called psychedelic consciousness ... (In Chicago) we were going to gather together as we had before in the San Francisco Be-In to manifest our presence over and above the presence of the more selfish elder politicians who were not thinking in terms of what their children would need in future generations, or even in the generation immediately coming, or even for themselves in their own lifetime, and were continuing to threaten the planet with violence, with war, with mass murder, with germ warfare.... The younger people knew that in the United States we were going to invite them there (to the Festival of Life) and that the central motive would be presentation of our desire for the preservation of the planet ... the desire for preservation of the planet and the planet's form, that we continue to be, to exist on this planet, instead of destroying the planet.

And in the event that you ladies and gentlemen of the jury are still worried that the revolution is being neglected by members of your own generation, let it be known that we are well attended: United States Attorney Foran is going to investigate the policemen who shot Fred Hampton.

And a tense New Year to you all.



THE SEVENTIES BELONG TO US
by Alex Gross

The worst mistake one could make about the seventies would be to assume that they have to be grim because the sixties were relatively relaxed and what some people call "swinging." It is puritanism of the worst sort to assume that we must all pay for every pleasure with an equal amount of pain. There is in fact no reason to assume that the seventies will not see a continuation in every way of the more pleasurable trends started in the sixties—it will in fact be the time that they grow in ever-increasing geometric proportion, reaching all parts of American society. It is in fashion right now to indulge in wistful look-backs at the sixties and fearful look-aheads at the seventies, but this may all be placing too much faith in our number system—if we had twelve fingers on our hands we would all be counting by twelve instead of ten, in which case 1970 would be a different year in a different decade (or, more correctly, dodecade). But for those who enjoy predictions and aren't assuming they all have to be bad, here are a few:

1.)By the end of the seventies the metabolic revolution will be in full swing. This will be the most meaningful revolution of all and will completely transform the nature of society. It will begin when people with basically nighttime metabolisms realize they have been dominated and exploited all their lives by morning people whose metabolism allows them to get up in the morning feeling alert. Morning people do not have the slightest notion that other people function differently from themselves and have driven evening people into a state of subjection at a great cost in nervous energy, work badly done, and early deaths. The nine-to-five routine will be dismissed as tyrannical and counter-productive and the workload will be redistributed among society. The tyranny of the morning people will be ended.

2.) At the same time the revolution against the work ethic itself will be getting into full swing. The burocrats and trade unionists who are holding back many of the liberating uses of automation will be swept aside as irrelevant.

3.) Public opinion will favor the complete abolition of the present penal system and the abandonment of the concepts of "crime" and "criminal." But if the government does not respond to this mood (and especially if it continues its persecution of young people), a movement will spring up leading to the establishment of a new kind of "crime." It will be known as Nature Crime, or crime against the environment, and a series of Nature Crime Trials will be brought, based on the precedent of War Crime Trials, against those who have allowed our planet to be despoiled and violated. Among the prominent Nature Criminals who will be sentenced will be one or more ex-presidents, state governors, and well-known industrialists.

4.) The first public hearings will be held on two-way TV with participation of the viewers. This may pave the way for the first TV trial, possibly a Nature Crime Trial.

5.) The first experiments will be made in *brain-casting*. This is the process of broadcasting directly to or from anyone's brain into any other brain or from a central source without planting anything inside the brain itself. It will be accomplished by setting up centers which can pick up and amplify our normal brain waves for braincasting. Among the results: anyone will be able to get in touch with anyone else merely by

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EVO

POOR PARANOIDS ALMANAC

BY ALLAN KATZMAN

New York is a cosmic city if you let it run through your mind without leaving footprints. Last Friday was one of those cosmic days. Recognizable people you have never seen before smiling at your consciousness: The young well beefed girl sitting across from me as I downed my usual breakfast of scrambled eggs in B & H on Second Avenue.

We didn't speak a word to each other but somehow managed an eye contact of unusual awareness. She rushed off past me in a fury of fur, cloth and rings. The sweet smell of her wafted into my memory along with the grease and starch of a B & H morning. No time to digest her and barely enough time to digest my just devoured breakfast.

I rushed past my memory into a taxi and headed uptown to my editor at Doubleday. Somehow, for some unexplained reason, I recorded my driver's name, Robert Cohen, onto my computer banks.

My business uptown didn't last too long. A few words with Ann, my editor, a quick exchange of information and a promised meeting over lunch after the 1st for future business.

It was the usual business of New York city life, the price you pay for misunderstanding the mystery of the Cosmos. The meaning of seasons, especially if you *lived* in New York, completely passed you by. It was a trick reinforced by society to make you *want* to survive rather than live.

Being caught up in that trick, (as so many of us are) I headed quickly back to EVO without even thinking about the day or doing what I should have been doing; getting the well beefed girl into bed and loving her.

There were no conscious regrets in my head as I sat around my office for the next two hours not knowing what to do with myself. My usual escape when I'm just hanging around when I could do a lot of other constructive things, was to plug myself into the telephone and wait for someone to call me about one of my most important daydreams.

Today it was someone I didn't know, at least I couldn't place what daydream she belonged to. She was calling about some poetry she had sent me. Somehow I had managed to remember one of the poems she had sent because I remember I had liked it among the many different people's poems I had read last week which come to me in EVO's mail.

The poem was not just a revelation when I had read it but it was well written too. It sounded like a poem that was just more than poetry. It had turned me on to how another human being felt.

I must admit that it was simplistically critical to like a poem for that reason. I have never been able to be the type of serious critic who predominates our newspapers and periodicals and find a theory of meaning in everything they read or write about.

I liked her poem because it was about one of her daydreams. It was about a boy she saw in Max's one night. The last stanza especially revealed what women think about in this day and age when they were not thinking about the universe like the majority of us men:

"I wanted to put my face beneath your armpits, and forget about mountain air, forever. Ancient David had your body. He led Israel between his legs. I am living proof that women get secret hard-ons too."

Not all good poetry has to give me a hard-on but here was one challenge and chance to go to bed with the poet as well as the poem.

"Can I come over to the office and talk to you about it?"

"Yes!"

She walked into the office in a matter of moments and memory regurgitated all over me my early morning encounter with a B & H breakfast and a well beefed girl.

"It's *you*! The well dressed one!"

"Yes??????????????????", I eagerly replied.

I immediately asked her name, address and telephone number and told her I'd be in touch with her about it when I found she had to rush back to work.

I liked what I saw, a poem you could make love to. The future emanated as I had to leave that night for the country. Monday would be time enough after I came back from my three days rest away from the business of New York city.

I rushed home and packed my bag with country cold weather clothes. The bag was heavy as I stood waiting for a cab to take me uptown to waiting friends and a rest in the country.

He screeched to a halt and I got in. His licensed name and picture reiterated all over me: ROBERT COHEN. He turned around to ask my destination.

"WOW! It's *you* again. Ya know the odds for me picking up the same fare twice in the same day?"

"Yep," I laughingly answered. "It's like getting laid by your greatest daydream."

He looked at me with a face that had half the puzzle and then fit it together with his reply.

"Well, I don't know about you but I wish I had the money to bet on it."

We didn't say another word and the only other things that knew anything about it for the rest of the trip was the silence and the Cosmos which would be waiting for me when I finally arrive at my destination.

EVO

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS

MILITARY JUSTICE IS TO JUSTICE AS MILITARY BANDS ARE TO MUSIC

Well, Well, it finally came. My Christmas present from Sam, my first copy of ARM, the Army Reserve Magazine. I tell you, I must have lost about 3 hours sleep worrying about if they had my address or not. It seems as though Sam doesn't care whom he sends his propaganda to. Here I am, the ex-voice of Fort Bragg, with some more Green Shit to write about, compliments of Sam. Perusal of the Mag indicated to me as if it was written by Lifers for Lifers and I was highly insulted in receiving it. I did however, read the damn thing anyway, and did find one article in the whole mag interesting enough to write about. It was written by Major General (Two Star) Kenneth J. Hodson, Judge Advocate General, US Army. The Title of was "Is There Justice in The Military?" Most of the article quotes from the American Bar Association prerequisites on standards, and the good General tries to compare the US Army's policies with that of the ABA's. The only thing I would like to repeat out of the whole article is the statement that you can "be furnished with a military counsel for all courts martial actions." He couldn't convince me that a soldier would get due process of law (speedy trial), or a fair and impartial jury of his peers (John Zenger), so how can there be justice? If everything the General says is true, how can there be a Fort Dix Inquisition, a Presidio Purge, a Fort Lewis Kangeroo Court? According to Former President Johnson, who said, as he signed the military justice act of 1968, "The man who dons the uniform of his country today does not discard his right to fair treatment under the Law . . . We have always prided ourselves on giving our men and women in uniform excellent medical service, superb training, the best equipment. Now with this bill, we are going to give them First Class Legal Service as Well."

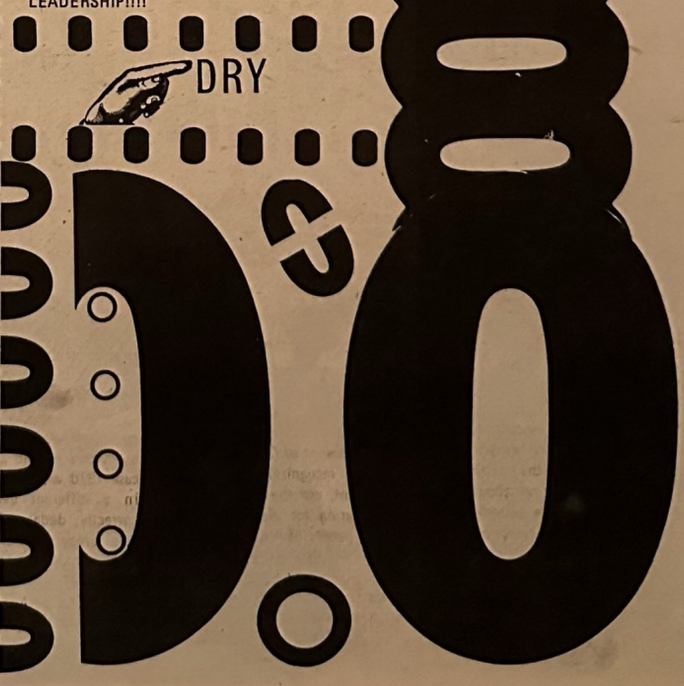
TO ALL OF THE JUDGE ADVOCATES AND THEIR SUPPORTERS,
AND TO ALL OF THE COMMANDERS OF BASES AND STOCKADES . . . . .

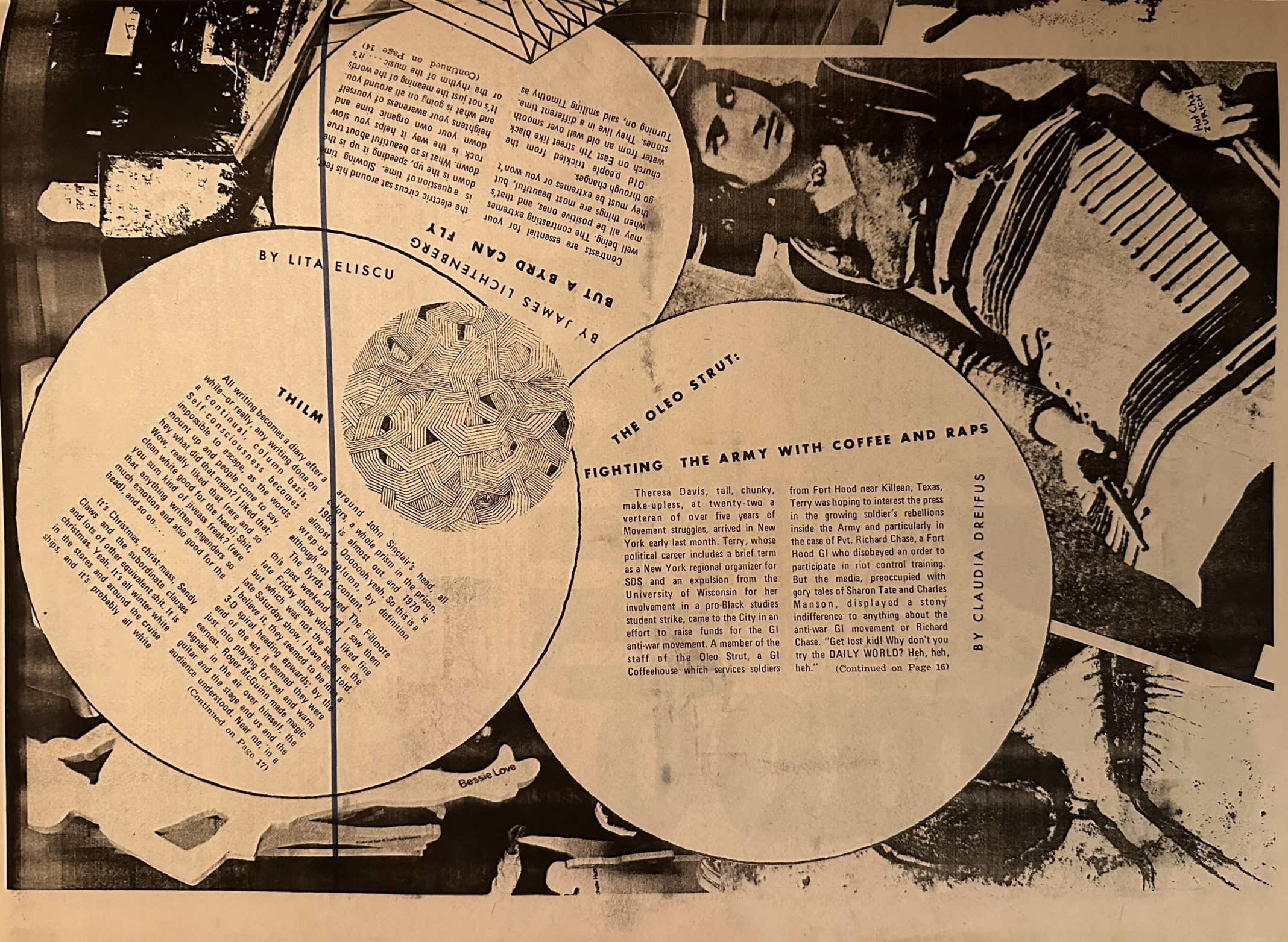
The Geneva Convention states: Prisoners must be given decent housing, nourishing food, and adequate clothing (Articles 25-27). They must be allowed to communicate with their families (Articles 70-71). They may not be punished for answering questions of any kind (Article 17). They are to be given Medical Care (Articles 29-31) and allowed to worship (Articles 34-37), exercise (Articles 38), and participate in sports and intellectual pastimes (Article 38). In Practice, the Red Chinese and the North Koreans did not comply with the humanitarian principles of the GPW Convention during the Korean War. Today, the North Vietnamese do not adhere with these principles either. An Investigation Committee noted that—American Prisoners of War were placed in solitary Confinement for long periods of time. They were shakled. They were subjected to the curiosities and insults of the local populace.

They were physically maltreated. They were not given adequate medical treatment or adequate clothing. Prisoner of War Camps were not properly identified. This is a basic run down of what prisoners are allowed, and what our soldiers suffered under during the Korean War, Vietnamese War, and in the Stockades of Amerika today. Most of the prisoners in the stockades across this fair land are political prisoners. Very little difference with War Prisoners, cause both are victims of the same government. If you don't believe what I say, go visit the Dix Stockade, or any Stockade. Talk with the prisoners, ask them when they had a good meal. Then ask them what they are in for, most will probably answer, "AWOL, or Refusal to Fight in Vietnam."

A PRECEDENT IS SET

Fort Bragg, 1969. A new regulation has been set out pertaining to hair cuts. Soldiers on the Installation are now permitted to grow their hair 4" on the Top, 2" on the sides, and have their side burns down to the bottom of the ear.
THANX AND A TIP OF THE GREEN BEENIE TO Gerald Johnson, my informer.
WHY IS THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA BETTER THAN THE ARMY?
BECAUSE THEY HAVE ADULT LEADERSHIP!!!!





BUT A BYRD CAN FLY

BY JAMES LICHTENBERG

Contrasts are essential for your well being. The contrasting extremes may all be positive ones, and that's when things are most beautiful, but they must be extremes or you won't go through changes.

Old people trickled from the church on East 7th street like black water from an old well over smooth stones. They live in a different time. Turning on, said smiling Timothy as the electric circus sat around his feet. Slowing time. Speeding it up is a question of time. Slowing time down is the up, speeding it up is the down. What is so beautiful about true rock is the way it helps you slow down your own organic time and heightens your awareness of yourself and what is going on all around you. It's not just the meaning of the words or the rhythm of the music . . . it's

(Continued on Page 14)

THILM

BY LITA ELISCU

All writing becomes a diary after a while—or really, any writing done on a continual, column basis. Self-consciousness becomes impossible to escape, as the words mount up and people come to say, hey what did that mean? I liked that. Wow, really liked that (rare and so clean white good for the head); Shit, you sum kind of jiveass freak? (rare that anything written engenders so much emotion and also good for the head), and so on . . .

It's Christmas, christ-mass, Sandy Claws and the subordinate clauses and lots of other equivalent shit. It is christmas. Yeah. It's all winter white in the stores and around the cruise ships, and it's probably all white around John Sinclair's head all 1968 is almost out and 1970 is almost on. Oooooh yeah. So this is a column, by definition although not by content.

The Byrds played The Fillmore this past weekend and I saw them late Friday show which I liked fine but which was not the same as the late Saturday show. I have been told I believe it, they seemed to be in a 3-D spiral heading upwards: by the end of the set, it seemed they were just into playing for-real and warm earnest. Roger McGuinn made magic signals in the air over himself, the guitar and the stage and us and the audience understood. Near me, in a

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THE OLEO STRUT:

FIGHTING THE ARMY WITH COFFEE AND RAPS

BY CLAUDIA DREIFUS

Theresa Davis, tall, chunky, make-upless, at twenty-two a verteran of over five years of Movement struggles, arrived in New York early last month. Terry, whose political career includes a brief term as a New York regional organizer for SDS and an expulsion from the University of Wisconsin for her involvement in a pro-Black studies student strike, came to the City in an effort to raise funds for the GI anti-war movement. A member of the staff of the Oleo Strut, a GI Coffeehouse which services soldiers from Fort Hood near Killeen, Texas, Terry was hoping to interest the press in the growing soldier's rebellions inside the Army and particularly in the case of Pvt. Richard Chase, a Fort Hood GI who disobeyed an order to participate in riot control training. But the media, preoccupied with gory tales of Sharon Tate and Charles Manson, displayed a stony indifference to anything about the anti-war GI movement or Richard Chase. "Get lost kid! Why don't you try the DAILY WORLD? Heh, heh, heh."

(Continued on Page 16)

MOLOCH
PHOTO: TED TRUEHL
ENTERPRISE
RECORDS
BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS
MID-SOUTH

THE SILENT MAJORITY EATS SHIT– QUIETLY ... VERY QUIETLY

DERE GO DE JUDGE!!

NEW ORLEANS (LNS)–Criminal District Judge Edward E. Haggerty Jr., the presiding judge in the Clay Shaw conspiracy to murder President Kennedy trial, is about to have some of his extra-bench activities scrutinized. His Honor seems to have been caught with his pants down. Well, not quite. Haggerty was arrested with 14 others in a raid on a motel room stag party, which he termed a "before the wedding bachelor party." Police asserted that the room had been rented to put on an "obscene show" and that everyone had been charged $5 for the stag films and scheduled live entertainment.

Photographers, who had been tipped off about the raid, feasted on the spectacle of Haggerty being wrassled to the floor as he attempted to escape. The dignified, 56 year old guardian of justice was finally subdued and his hands manacled behind his back. He is charged with assault on arresting policemen, resisting arrest, soliciting prostitution and conspiring to commit obscenity. The judge seems to take a fairly existential attitude towards it all, that one must expect to pay for one's breaches of moral and legal strictures. On arriving at Criminal Court to continue meting out justice from the bench, he sighed, "Oh, well, the world's not coming to an end."

ELDRIGE CLEAVER DENIED PASSPORT

ALGIERS, Algeria (LNS)–Eldridge Cleaver, Black Panther Party Minister of INformation, has had his request for a U.S. passport denied. He applied to the American Consul in Algiers through the Swiss Embassy which handles all U.S. affairs since the Algerians severed relations with the U.S. following the Arab-Israeli war in 1967.

Conrad Drascher, a U.S. diplomat acting for the State Department, denied Cleaver a passport, offering, instead, papers good for a one-way passage to the states plus plane fare with immediate arrest at port of entry guaranteed.

"All I want is a paper document of identification like everyone else is entitled to," says Eldridge, who is facing a Federal charge of "unlawful flight to avoid confinement after conviction for assault with intent to murder." The charge stems from the incident in April 1968 when the Oakland pigs attacked three cars of Panthers. Panther Bobby Hutton was killed in the battle that followed. At the time of the battle, Cleaver was on parole for a 1958 conviction for rape. This parole was then revoked.

Cleaver has offered, though his San Francisco attorneys, to return to the U.S. if he is given assurance that his liberty on parole will not be disturbed pending or during trial. "I have no intention," says Cleaver in a press release from Algiers, "of being arrested either in Babylon or anywhere else in the world. This is what this whole thing is about."

Cleaver explained that he wanted the passport because he was "very concerned about what's happening to his brothers and sisters in Babylon."

Charles Garry, Cleaver's lawyer in San Francisco, says, "The situation is no different than before. // he could come back and stand trial without going to jail first, he would come back. But one more leader in jail won't help? One thing the Panthers don't need more of is martyrs."

KOREAN SOLDIER CROSSES THE DEATH LINE

PYONGYANG, North Korea (LNS) "The mere recollection of the cursed past . . . makes me feel creepy all over." So spoke Ho Jong Hyon, 24, a South Korean soldier who deserted the puppet army, crossed the "death line" (as the dividing line between North and South Korea is known), and asked to serve in the Army of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea (DPRK). Ho Jong Hyon described service in the puppet army as "disgraceful," nothing that he could be forced "to die a dog's death at any time, betraying the nation." The deserter was given a warm welcome in the DPRK, according to a report by the Korean Central News Agency.

BUNNY LaBOOB
20th CENTURY FARTS STARLET
SAYS:
COME ON SOLDIER BOY; KILL A DINK FOR ME.
YOSSARIAN
WATCH FOR BUNNY'S RIOTOUS NEW MOVIE
'KAHKI LAFFS'
SOON TO BE AT YOUR LOCAL THEATER

SOUTH KOREAN HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS REBEL

RYONGSAN, South Korea (LNS)–Some 340 high school students in Ryongsan built barricades of desks and stools as part of a protest against the educational policies of the South Korean dictatorship.

The students were protesting policies which include the closing down of schools and the limiting of opportunities for children of poor families.

The cops attacked the school, using tear gas (made in U.S.A.) and clubs, and the students responded with a shower of stones. Later, the students were arrested and beaten at the police station, and the school was temporarily closed down.

A report from the Pyongyang based Korean Central News Agency notes that "this repressive outrage of the enemy only adds fuel to the indignation of the students who have risen up in the struggle for winning the freedom of the school."

VALLIERES-GAGNON LAWYER CHARGES JURY-TAMPERING

MONTREAL (LNS)–The defense lawyer for Pierre Vallieres and Charles Gagnon, the Quebec Liberation fighters accused of terrorism and sedition, has charged authorities in Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa with conspiring to influence the jury in the trial.

In a request made to Quebec ombudsman Louis Marceau on Dec. 8, Robert Lemieux charged that:

The Quebec government assigned a special prosecutor and opened the sedution cases on October 13 in the middle of a series of sometimes violent marches in Montreal protesting against Bill 63, the province's bi-lingualism legislation. The timing would prejudice the jurors, Lemieux said.

Chief prosecutor Michel Cote attributed a "world-wide plan of revolution" to Vallieres in the Quebec national assembly November 28: this move, Lemieux said, was "an unequivocal attempt to influence the jurors."

The crown brough 19 accusations of perjury against defense witness Serge Demers who has testified in the Vallieres-Gagnon case. The move was designed to "discredit his testimony," Lemieux said, terming it a "barbarous series of maneuvers and pressures" against Demers.

Vallieres and Gagnon have been in jail or court continuously since late 1966 on a variety of charges of terrorism, none yet finally proved. Both have been denied bail repeatedly. They charge that they are political prisoners of the Quebec government for their separatist politics, and say they are innocent of all charges.

The Quebec government also brought sedition charges against both of the defendants on Oct. 3, based on a publication, a year ago, of a book written by Vallieres, "Negres blancs d'Amerique." The book denounced the colonial status of the French in Quebed.

UNDERGROUND EDITOR INDICTED

CHAMPAIGN, Ill. (LNS)–Ronald Lucas, the editor of the underground newspaper, the Walrus, was recently indicted by a East St. Louis, Ill. grand jury for destroying his Selective Service classification notice.

Lucas publically destroyed his draft papers along with four other men in a Resistance anti draft action in December, 1967. The court chose not to indict the other participants. The feeling here is that the court chose to single out Lucas at this late date because of his editorship of the Walrus and in an attempt to silence the paper.

FREE JOHN SINCLAIR–CAMPAIGN LAUNCHED

ANN ARBOR, Mich. (LNS)–John Sinclair is serving a 10-year sentence for the possession of two joints. Jan. 24, 1970, is the anniversary marking three years since John was arrested–and his sixth month in prison. Everyone in every city in the country is being asked to give a benefit for the John Sinclair Defense Fund on the night of Jan. 24. Rallies and other events are also planned. For details about the Sinclair case, copies of a petition to free Sinclair, and other information, write to the International Committee to Free John Sinclair, c/o Youth International Party, 1520 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104.

AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS)–An Army officer who sent out Christmas cards last year decorated with photos of stacks of "Viet Cong" killed by his regiment has been promoted, according to columnist Jack Anderson.

George Patton 3rd has received a Brigadier General's star. Last Christmas, he sent his greetings out with a picture of him waving another war trophy–a polished "Viet Cong" skull, with a bullet hole above the left eye. The skull was a present from men in Patton's 11th Armored Cavalry.

by Heavenly Van Sandstone

Some people will do anything–I mean, simply ANYTHING–for publicity! For example, two hulking longhaired brutes from the Long Island Drug Division (Not what you think, silly–LIDD is a rock group) accosted me bodily on the sidewalk last week and informed me that they and the Holy Modal Rounders and COOL will be playing at a Bacchanal (how squeegish!) at Columbia on January tenth. Which is hardly news, except that as a special ploy to get coverage, they're offering a drastic discount to those people who show up with mastheads from The East Village Other. Have you ever heard of anything like it? Admission will be $1:50 for the common horde, but those few sagacious enough to read EVO and save the masthead need only pay 75¢ It's at Ferris Booth Hall, the Wollman Auditorium on the Columbia University campus, starting at 9:00 January tenth. Wear green, it's a Saturday!

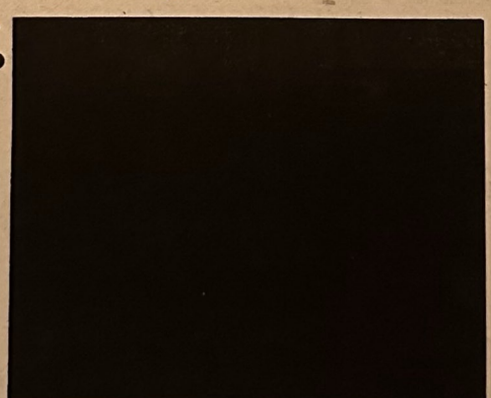
ST MARK'S CHURCH IN THE BOWERIE

an alchemical ecstasy in remembrance of the Three Magi

at SAINT MARK'S CHURCH IN THE BOWERIE on JANUARY 6th
at EIGHT O'CLOCK

Marital bliss and total fulfillment can be yours for a lifetime—if you see this film now.

Never before . . . a sex education film in graphic detail for married adults.
It begins where Master's and Johnson's "Human Sexual Response" left off . . .
It may save your marriage.



The photograph originally designated for this space was deemed too controversial for reproduction.

FOR ADULTS OVER 21

UNESCORTED WOMEN ARE WELCOME

in color **man and wife**

PRODUCED BY MATT CIMBER

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HISTORY

(Continued from Page 6)

progress in Paris but that the United States has withdrawn her troops from Vietnam and placed them in South America to protect her southern borders. The next ten years may bring a gigantic flower power campaign in the advertising media, making it easier for the real revolutionaries to do their work.

The Sixties was a decade of violent recognition coupled with ecstatis visions. No need to mention the assassinations, read the papers. No need to mention the waste of money, look at the streets (mid-America has the same ills but they are well-hidden, except for that folk-poet from Hibbing who made a bundle while he lost and regained his country twang, satisfying his aesthetic cravings). The Sixties saw the rise of the freak and his co-option by the economic system, only to have that backfire and 5 million kids who never knew from grass were apprised of its existence via Time/Life or Nam, and lo another bumpber crop of radical heads. The seventies will see a permissive society which will raise, with all good efforts to the contrary, a generation of conservatives. The sixties brought men to the age of space, but the seventies will see man turn again to the land in search for real meaning in the universe. Even the environment will be saved from extinction through ecological counter-offensives waged by those media-radicalized in the sixties.

Perhaps Franz Kafka will be the President of the United States in 1976 and we will all be living in a file-carded punch/spindle/mutilate life. Maybe Tim Leary will be president, or Franz Fanon or Arthur Goldberg, or Jacquiline Suzanne, or Lou Reed, or Iggy Stooge—none of it really matters here at the precipice of the seventies, just remember one thing: a few years ago, the Census Bureau projected that in 1970, half of this country will be 25 or under . . . and we do have the numbers. Whatever the figure, whatever the dismal daily truths, whatever the latest craze, awareness and communication continue to grow between the members of the new generation which knows no national boundaries, and has a common language of love and peace for all its members.

To close on a note, I received a Christmas card from my sister and brother-in-law and thought it chould be shared. On the outside is a hastily drawn water-color of a peace symbol in red/white/blue. Inside is a text by Martin Niemoeller, ex-U boat captain and leader of resistence against Adolph Hitler:

"First they put the Communists and Jehovah's Witnesses in the concentration camps—but I was not a Communist or a Jehovah's Witness, so I did nothing. Then they came for the social democratis—but I was not a social democrat, and I did nothing. Then they arrested the trade unionists—and I did nothing because I was not one. Then they arrested the Jews—and again I did nothing because I was not a Jew. Then they came for the Catholics but I was not a Catholic and I did nothing. At last they came and arrested me—but then it was too late already."

Keep a low silouette. Peace for the seasons.

BYRD

(Continued from Page 10)

the way they come together that slows up time for you and changes your head. "Have you seen your mother, baby?" said the Rolling Stones, "HAVE you seen your mother, baby?" "HEY, Mr. Tambourine Man play a song for me," said Dylan. "SaturDAY afternoon . . . won't you TRY" said the Jefferson Airplane.

When you read the news you are hooking yourself up to someone else's time. The *new*-s is a speed trip, what's new what's new. And speed, said smiling Timothy, is THE establishment drug. Rock and roll news, hyped on one side by the recording industry and by politics on the other, is hooking you back into the same kind of consumer-political-technological time machine that rock and the new culture dropped out of. When rock is used as a way of selling records of selling philsophies you're into a different trip than that fine original strength of slowing down time, changing your head, helping you get it together. Politics is part of it, sure, because politics is part of IT, not vice versa. And IT is your head, your time, your awareness. The rest comes after . . . in good time.

That newest of new groups, Blind Faith, has definitely split up. Steve Winwood seems to be gravitating back toward Traffic, yippie! Ginger Baker is going to make a movie and stuff and Eric Clapton is getting together with Delanie and Bonnie and they'll be at the Fillmore the beginning of February. Blind Faith cost you two million dollars, a million for their tour and a million for their record. That two million dollars paid for 80% publicity and fame, and 20% music. Speed sure kills. Sure does.

Anyway, last weekend was a dynamite head changer, up and down.

An amazing, whimsical gallery on La Guardia Place just south of Washington Square Park is called "A fly can't bird, but a bird can fly". The Byrds touched down at the Fillmore, and took everybody up . . . 8 miles high. Last fall, at Carnegie Hall, you couldn't hear them, but the Fillmore was altogether together. Dylan's "Baby Blue" was the take off, but the rustle of voices was "Easy Rider . . . Easy Rider". McGuinn sings it alone in the flick, but the cut on their new album, "The Ballad of Easy Rider" with them doing it together doesn't get it off the way they did on Saturday. McGuinn has an uncanny sense of how to polish Dylan's rough edges . . . a combination of stoned California wisdom and L.A. impudent smooth.

The Byrds are like the Stones, space knights, playing all night with the serenity of perfection at the electric court of the 21st century. McGuinn is at the same relative distance from the group that Jagger is, sly, impudent and boyish instead of demonic and sexual, jauntily lifting up his guitar to read the next song of the set. The audience was incredibly up for them. At a certain point McGuinn said, "Whew, where were *you* last night? Watching Janis?" A confused reaction from many. If you dig the Byrds and their fineness, I don't see how you can be anything crashed by what happened, or what didn't happen, at Madison Square Garden. Janis is a parody of herself. The band is horrible, even Sam has left her (lead guitar with Big Brother and after) and it's just the wreck of the Titanic.

The essential, the former, the once and hopefully future Joplin is something precious and beautiful. "Down On Me", "Piece of my Heart" and of course "Ball and Chain" are rare pieces of music, an echo of which survives in "Kozmic Blues"—that quality which makes her a star, and why else would Michael J. Pollard and Joanna Pettet brave the indignities of the Garden to see her. The new album is instantly monotonous, and the concert, with earless Joplin freaks howling out their approval right on cue . . . it really hurts to see something you love down so low. The surprise appearance of Johnny Winter, whom Janis introduced as "someone else from Port Arthur who had as much shit put on his head as me . . .", along with Janis' continuing paranoia about requests for her all-time grreat hits, only emphasized the fall from grace of the Angel of blues. One (yes) nice moment was when she and Winter were dancing together, circling each other, blonde hair flying his irridescent pants and flashing guitar and her beautiful fringe suit, they looked like Birds of Paradise in a wild mating ritual. She did a couple of the golden oldies, including "Summertime" . . . but at a certain point, out of respect for her real talent, we left. I'm sure she'll survive even at this pitch for a couple more years, but if she could find a way to get it back toogether . . . couldn't you dig it?

Ol' Roger McGuinn, the great high-flying original Byrd, 6 years and nine albums after "Mr. Tambourine Man", having such a good time, like it was his first gig at the A Go Go on Sunset Strip. "The Ballad of Easy Rider" is about as political as they go and then into the most fantastic folk-rock spiritual I've ever heard "Jesus is just all right with me". Tears flow. A mystical experience, the Christ of the East, the little white churches of Asia Minor with their sea blue domes and strange golden crosses. The Christ of the desert, the divine in every man. I think they know what they're up to 'cause they don't play it for very long. Their trip is still very heavy country "Old Blue", "Close Up The Honky Tonk", "One Hundred Years From Now" from their Sweetheart of the Rodeo album and a beautiful encore of "Nashville West". (Lead?) Guitar Clarence White looks he's standing there not doing much. Ha, ha. "It's going to be great" someone prophesized from the first row. It was great. Sure was.

Then out comes The Nice. Well, I'm not certain everyone was aware what they were in for. Fantastic virtuoso performers, three Englishmen, Keith Emerson (organ) Lee Jackson (bass and vocals) Brian Davison (drums). An insane amount of sound. Keith Emerson plays the organ demonically, he can play anything, jazz, classical, rock at about a thousand miles an hour. He also plays the piano by banging the mike on the strings inside. He never sits down. He plays two at the same time, and when he gets tired of playing the keys he turns the organ around and plays it from its electronic insides, goofing with the tubes or wires. But the most astonishing thing is the way he rocks the organ. You think it's going to fall over and break his leg, as it see-saws back and forth sending up dust clouds of weird sounds, as he jumps on it, kicks it, rocks it, dressed in black leather and a fantastic thick silver belt, gun belt level around his hips.

But it all comes together. It's music. It's even rock. They did a version of the third movement of Tschaikovsky's Pathetique Symphony and they also did the farthest out edition of Dylan's "She Belongs To Me" ("She's got everything she needs. She's an artist. She don't look back.") in the history of the Western Whirled.

You can't help feeling that wild experimental energy, which certainly is not eh emotional velocity or human exchange warmth that the Byrds have, but who knows at that speed they may well get to another galaxy and bring back the rarest treasure of all. I wouldn't be surprised.

You could say they were spaced. Or you were spaced.

What a night. What a concert. Really fun. Yes it was.

And Happy New Year. We have the drugs, said smiling Timothy, to put your head exactly where you want it. No more excuses. No more cop-outs. Do what you like, do what you like do what you like . . . and remember, Marijuana is the only real aphrodisiac as well as being "God's greatest gift to man."

"Something happened to me yesterday.
Something I can't speak of right away.
Something happened to me
Something oh so groovy
Something happened to me yesterday."

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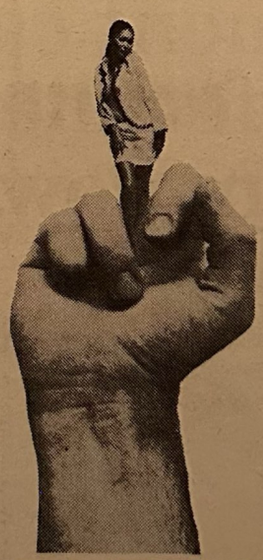

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SEVENTIES

(Continued from Page 8)

thinking of him (this is merely a more efficient usage of already existant telepathic potential); a central braincaster will be able to send out music or its multi-sensual equivalent to as many brains as want to receive it. An attempt will be made to use this in a totalitarian way, but probably not before the eighties. It may in any case be discovered that the brain can defend itself against unwanted braincasts by simply sending out a busy signal.

6.) If the population problem has not been solved by new or existing means, then infanticide will come to be accepted as a reasonable solution. A prominent American actress will be involved in an infanticide trial.

7.) The entire educational system will be revamped, and it will become popularly accepted that traditional educators are the most reactionary element in America. Revolution will spread to the elementary schools, and even kindergarten and nursery children will demand entertainment and learning material worthy of their minds. Books and printed matter will be seen as supplementary matter rather than the main material of education.

8.) The great divisions between people today will be partially bridged by two issues which will inspire greater unity: the trend towards ever greater sexual freedom and the fight against pollution and Nature Crimes. These are two causes which most people will eventually agree on.

9.) Churches will become the targets for revolutionaries that universities have been and museums are growing to be. This will have nothing to do with intellectual objections to religion but with the need to put church premises and property to positive social uses. The Young Lords are only a beginning, and the interruption of Sunday services will become a favored type of demonstration.

10.) What we now dignify with the name of Art History will be seen primarily as an intellectual pretension of the fifties designed to protect a small elite from becoming aware of the live culture all around them and the many problems it poses.

11.) The language will explode. It will be seen that the rules for speaking correct English (or for speaking any language correctly) are merely blinders for holding onto preconceptions and avoiding a direct look at reality. New coinages will enter the language in incredible numbers and will prove almost immediately comprehensible. Among the young and alert the spoken language will become a cross between a sort of inspired baby talk, intellectual pidgeon english, and go-no-go computerese brevity. The written language will follow suit, and special publications will be written entirely in the new tongue and devoted to expanding it. There will be, as in some other societies, not one but two languages, one each for the old and young, though the young will still be able to speak some of the old language.

12.) The new form of decoration, both at home and outdoors, will be novel kinds of projectors throwing constantly shifting colored patterns everwhere. Projections on the clouds will become a commonplace.

But beyond all these predictions the major shift in mood in the seventies, if this planet is to survive, will be a growing concern with the nature of the mind and its processes. Previous psychology has been mainly descriptive and has existed for the purpose of providing jobs for psychologists. What is needed for the seventies is not something descriptive but something functional. As more and more people watch more and more movies on television, the basic plots and even the basic motives by which plots are seen as meaningful by the human mind become more apparent. This may be a tool by which it will soon be possible to make people aware of their own deepest motivations, to confront them with even those motivations they would most like to disclaim. Almost all our movies scripts, even the best ones, are appealing to very primitive forces inside the mind: paranoia, the death wish, the fixation with mythical good and bad guys.

It should with a bit more time and study be possible to manipulate these elements so as to turn the mind in on itself and effect real changes. Paranoia could be made more functional in human beings by turning it against the mind itself in its quest for the enemy, simply because that is where the enemy is located. In the same way a solution to the problem of violence may be found in the workings of the mind—descriptive psychologists talk about the need to "channel" violence into allegedly constructive behavior, but this may be a dangerous mistake. In the seventies we may learn that what is needed is not for people to channel their violence, which simply means expressing their aggressions against others in more subtle but no less dangerous ways, but to recognize their violence for what it is and by so doing short-circuit and bypass it. In this way it could be transformed into something different from violence or aggression.

This is at least one of the many hopes the seventies may bear. The most important thing is to realize that the seventies will be good, despite the existence of an old people's government in Washington. The trends which started in the sixties cannot possibly be halted—they are far more likely to take over. The Seventies belong to us.

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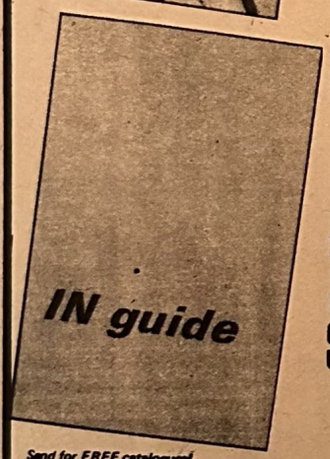

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COFFEE

(Continued from Page 10)

The indifferent reception wasn't surprising to Terry—just disappointing. "There's a big anti-war movement growing on Army bases throughout the country," she explained over coffee last week. "A lot of guys are risking years in prison just to tell the Army brass that they're not going to support murder. Those guys are desparately in need of money and support from civilians."

Terry has been living and organizing for the past year in the dusty little central Texas town of Killeen. Located near Austin, right in the heart of LBJ and Klu Klux Klan country, Killeen is an Army town—totally dependent on its big resource, Fort Hood. The fort is a huge wood and cinderblock desert—the largest armoured center in the whole wide "Free World." And "riot control" is Fort Hood's claim to fame.

Riot Control. Soldiers returning from Vietnam are stationed in Killeen for six months to a year while they learn all the skills necessary to put down indigenous wars of national liberation. When Black people rebelled in Detroit, it was the GI's from Fort Hood that the President sent in. In Chicago, when during the Democratic National Convention, some middle-class folk wanted to take a short march to express their dislike for Mayor Daley's undemocracy, Fort Hood troops stood in their way. Last Spring, when a group of Berkeley neighbors thought they had a right to a patch of ground called People's Park, again the riot boys from Hood were put on the alert. "Join the Army—See the World?" Hah! See Detroit, Chicago and Washington!

Killeen is a really weird kind of town. There's nothing in Killeen except pinball machines, pawn shops, some skin flicks, a laundromat and The Oleo Strut. A poster festooned coffee house and meeting hall, The Strut is the only place in all of Killeen where a soldier with some sensitivity can unwind and talk about the war, racism, and army injustice. The Strut staff, which includes three ex-GIs, two women and a former student activist, runs nightly discussion and film programs for off-duty soldiers. On a good night you can find as many as eighty or ninety men hanging around the coffee house.

While soldiers find the Strut an absolute oasis in the spiritual desert of Texas, the Army, the Klan and the local officials are less than pleased with its popularity. The physical condition of the coffee house clearly explains how some local patriots feel about its continued existence: the front of the shop is smeared by huge red blobs of paint that were splashed on in vengeful rage one Moratorium night. The restaurant has no windows—only wooden boards. Cherry and smoke bombs have been thrown into the Strut. And there's the constant harrassment: parking tickets, speeding tickets, thrown eggs, cat-calls, investigations, trumped-up pot busts. It is said that Army Intelligence, in its infinite wisdom, has bugged every room in the place.

Harrassment, an everyday fact of life in Killeen, seems to hit new high water marks everytime the Strut staff organizes a GI contingent for an anti-war march. On October 4th, when a group of recently returned Viet vets joined with coffee house staffers to drive to Houston for an SDS-RYM II march, they found their cars under attack by the Klan. Two of the automobiles in the motorcade were shot at, one was wrecked. What was most interesting was that attackers used an arsenel of M-16 rifles. M-16s are not available to civilians and can only be obtained by Army personnel!

It wasn't long after the shooting incident that the Strut staff agreed to organize a Fort Hood contingent for a pre-Mobilization action, also to be held in Houston. Originally, buses had been chartered. But when demonstration day drew near, not a bus company could be found that would fulfill its contract. Finally, a church donated two school buses. The buses and a hastily put-together car pool were enough to transport the two hundred soldiers who wanted to march for peace. Foiled again, the Army decided that the least they could do would be to give the pro-peace soldiers a scarey send-off. As the GI's approached their vehicles, they found themselves surrounded by menacing members of the local constabulary and picture snapping snoops from the Army's Criminal Intelligence Division. Despite the harrassment, two hundred Fort Hood soldiers arrived in Houston to join with four thousand Texans who that day voiced their opposition in a march against death.

Recently, the coffee house staff has been preoccupied with the case of Pvt. Richard Chase, one of the Strut's loyalist friends, who was court-martialed for refusing to take training in riot control. Chase, a mustachioed former Yale student, had informed his sargeant on the first day of his assignment at Hood that he was a Conscientious Objector. While Pvt. Chase's CO status was somewhat unofficial, the Army was willing to exclude him from anti-riot training. That is—they were willing to excuse him combat activities as long as he remained apolitical. Sometime last year, Chase began attending seminars at the Oleo Strut. He also worked as an editor of THE FATIGUE PRESS—the underground GI paper at the Fort. When the Army discovered that Private Chase had shed the robes of a quiet private pacifist and that he was now indeed a rather aggressive anti-Army activist, they immediately assigned him to riot training. Supported by the knowledge that forty-three Black GI's from Hood had refused service during the Chicago Democratic National Convention, Chase decided to disobey the order to take riot control training. Placed in the Fort Hood Stockade, (there's no bail in the Army) he was almost immediately put in solitary confinement. In the stir, he was beaten by guards four times in ten days. Two weeks ago, a court-martial board consisting only of officers sentenced Richard Chase to two years of hard labor.

For Terry Davis, life in Killeen is hardly easy. She works seven days a week in that hostile little Texas hamlet. There are so many problems to deal with; the hostility of the townsmen, harrassment from the Army, bomb-scares, phoney pot-busts, lack of money, lack of support.

"The thing I feel most in Killeen," she said wistfully, "is this awful sense of isolation. In a way, it's not unlike being in a prison. You see, we never hear about *anything* happening outside of Texas. They don't even carry the NEW YORK TIMES in Killeen. Like when the Panther's got murdered—we heard about that days and days afterwards. But the isolation . . . it's all made worse by the fact that we're not certain about how people on the outside feel about the GI movement. We don't know if they care—or if they're even interested!"

Susan Schnaul, the former Army WAC who was herself court-martialed for anti-war activities and who is now in New York to co-ordinate civilian support for the Coffee House Movement, agreed: "There are lots of people—even Movement people—who kind of look down their noses at soldiers. They don't think GIs are left enough . . . or they're afraid of the soldiers because the guys come from working-class backgrounds. Whatever the reason, very often the Movement relates to GIs from an elitist point of view. This just shouldn't be!"

For all the drabness of life in Killeen, Terry finds coffee house work terribly rewarding. "The GI Movement is the most dynamic thing happening in this country today," she declares proudly. "We may just wind up stealing Mr. Nixon's Army from him. One of these days, when soldiers are brought into Berkeley or Harlem and when they refuse to fight, it will be because of the work done in the coffee houses around the country. The only thing is that we need support from the soutside."

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THILM

(Continued from Page 10)

corner seat, a boy sat with his arms raised over his head and he was a whirling dervish, the arms going Mixmaster speed, twining around a very special place above his head, and The Byrds played on, a very special blend of sweetness coming from pure light and understanding born of omnipresent wisdom, not just the facts, ma'am. Their music is splendid, it is impossible to hear/listen/be there and not to come a step closer to realizing the universe is all one all of us, a set of rules in contradistinctions and contradictions set up for us to use as building blocks in this, our very own kindergarten. Friday's set was not expecially an example of Byrd magic; it was a remembrance of what it can be and what it has been and what it shall be also; McGuinn's voice coming through everything, and the smile, and the hands making a 4-dimension story to go with the music. The Byrds are one group which has this amazing communication quality, as though everyone on the stage is aware of the others who are also human beings becoming someone new, on that stage, and they like it, that the audience is there and can go someplace else with them—or at least somewhere else thanks to the music which is such a nice fuel propellant for anybody. They played, in not the right order, "8 Miles High," "Old Dog Blue," "Turn Turn Turn" "Jesus Is Just All Right With Me," and others, a real spectrum of where Byrds history has woven its trails. The Byrds play as a group, and while all but McGuinn keep changing, the spirit stays because it is McGuinn who has always been the deep river spirit which takes on chance to find the natural flow of the Byrds. Paul Williams wrote, in *Outlaw Blues*, discussing *The Byrds's Greatest Hits*, "The Byrds have never doubted that they were the Byrds, but who the *Byrds* are may still be a mystery." Well, yeah. That's because whenver we understand something completely, or someone, that person ceases to have any relationship with us, and the Byrds keep changing, becoming, so we . . . just . . . . kept on . . . . being fascinated.

The Nice followed The Byrds, for a complete change of pace. Now, I am some kind of sucker for music-as-pure sound, and Keith Emerson's relationship with his electric organ is one of the stranger, more visceral ones of music. The Nice were well aware of light when they first began to play, and light shows could be an extension if the energy they create on that stage, fashioned of sound embroidered with sweat, theatre, and desire to go somewhere else . . . I was talking with this cat, see, and we rapped on how the over-a-certain-age differ from the under's . . . the over's (and it is environment conditioning, kids, so forget about trying to escape unless you were an autistic child or a snow bunny who came back, rebounded as it were, as a human being in the middle of your karmic cycle) the Over's, I repeat, are all trying to get *back* and the Under's are all trying to get . . . *a way, out, away*. See? . . . The Nice are getting away, The Byrds are getting away and we all get out, out on the grin from the Cheshire Cat, and we teleport with the smile to whereever it goes.

From the Moment Keith hits the keyboard in long sweeping crashes full arpeggios across the whole bunch of keys, pedals, and gut string, the organ starts to scream back; it gets very orgasmic. Roger McGuinn says that all rock is a sexual thing, that the band is male and the audience essentially female and waiting for the experience . . . thank the Star Maker that freestyle is not only in but relevant.

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I saw two films this week which really turned me around: *A Married Couple* and *End of the Road*. The former is a filmed narrative told by the two real people in it, the married couple who allowed Allan King to film them for 10 weeks as they went about living—remembering that they knew the camera was there, that we know they knew the camera was there, that the age of revelation is surely upon us. *End of the Road* is from the John Barth novel, same name, and the movie has made me very still for several spaces of time since I saw it; just moments when something else hits me very deep, noisy and sweet.

More about them when they are ready to appear. . . .

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Box Scaggs (on Atlantic) is a good album; so is *Apple Pie Motherhood Band* (Atlantic) and *Walter Carlos and The Well-Tempered Synthesizer* (Columbia). We do need a new vocabulary, John Cage and others: the word good is so anomalous . . . in this case fortunately. Boz Scaggs was cut in Muscle Shoals, and somehow, what with the Tracy Nelson vocals in the back and Duane Allman's superior Macon, Georgia guitar doing everything but blowing its nose, the album is reminiscent of Aretha Franklin: now is that a fair thing to say?? . . . Mmmmm. Well, it has the same polished performances, superior production and driving building pushing sounds. Box Scaggs' own numbers are excellent, "Loan Me A Dime" a little like Al Kooper's early BST efforts, an understated "Fever." The Jimmie Rodgers' "Waiting For a Train" done with just the right honest-gosh tinkly keyboard and lighthearted strum covering the sweet melancholy . . . a really nice album.

Apple Pie Motherhood Band is, at first, hearing, another rock band into a steady rhythm guitar/drum coordinate with voices chiming in . . . but "Orangoutang" bears a few listenings, first cut 1st side. Remember The Turtles? (Listen to the Ray Davies-produced latest album, *Turtle Soup* from White Whale) Well, that kind of happy driving rock. The song starts off with a very over-used monotone riff, cymbal clash, works its way into very good lyrics and suddenly gets together musically ending with a good jam, the guitars working out just fine. The overall sound is real 1967 rock, with the lyrics usually saving the songs from obscurity and occasional good licks somehow turning on enough to keep the band from being an also-ran . . . it is a very interesting album for a first one, and I realize this all sounds facetious and at best superifical. It is. The album is not. That's the breaks of christmas week. And I don't want to give an example of the lyrics: they are there, all you have to do is meet them halfway.

Which brings me to *Well-Tempered Synthesizer*. Now, that title is a pun, well-tempered able to mean, 'of good temper and disposition,' or 'well-forged', as as well-tempered sword blade. The album is subtitled "more virtuouso electronic performances of Bach, Monteverdi, Scarlatti, Handel" and child of the age and half ignorant, I think these performances are virtuoso for real. My experience of the other kind being extremely limited except for the Bach, The Brandenburg Concerto No. 4. Here, the emphasis is on interpretation, Walter Carlos acting as conductor and manipulating the instruments with his reproductive editor, the Moog, rather than a baton. This is an exceedingly satisfactory thing to do, for a conductor, and the pieces are rendered beautifully. Of course the electronic aspects of the music's re-definition makes for wider audience appeal and brings us all one step closer to Ray Bradburyworld, yay!! . . . Many people fool around with (have fooled will fool foool) synethizers to varying success. Carlos, like Jimi Hendrix and the electric guitar, has achieved sympathy with his electronic instrument: he works with the Moog, the Moog works with him, a state of symbiosis resulting is musical lichen, pure music and delight, another voice speaking from somewhere which is not here. Fusion.

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Also on the Fillmore bill this past weekend were the Sons (formerly of Champlin) and Dion of Rhonda Babay. Dion was very relaxed, his background of teen fave-rave mag romances showing in his ability to regard this new-rock audience as just another swooning heart to conquer with the new sound. He came out of his corner smiling, wearing a white Indian shirt, dark glasses, curly hair, a guitar and an older-and-wiser smile. He has made the transition with the same grace as Bob (formerly Bobby) Darin or Rick (formerly Ricky) Nelson. It was a funny moment on the Fillmore stage, funny as in hah? wazzat? What to say. He sat in a chair crossed his legs, dangled an ankle and sang easy rocking chair songs. I fell asleep, being rather stoned. Maybe that's a compliment.

The Sons sound like a macrobiotic commune-band (and they all look alike) just learning to play with one another.

They were not necessary to the evening's entertainment. I am prejudiced against sweet-sound, easygoing bands who sing of life and love and . . . summer and dope unless they do it better n' everyone else and make me sit up and go with them down the road of harmony and easiness in the ol' poppy fields. The Sons failed. The material and the musicianship is OK, but that's all. There is a feeble attempt at love up there on that stage when they did their gig, but it all seemed false, very cracked and unable to be patched . . . mmmm.

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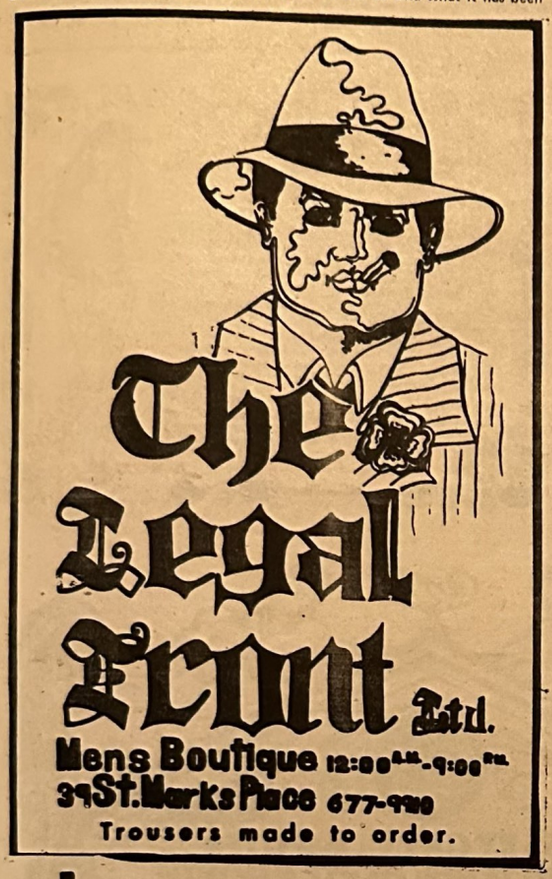

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Extremely beautiful model for your thing. Fair, blue-eyed, dark blonde gem. Any type of extra work welcome. $25.00 an hour. Write Jolyon, P.O. Box 184, Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014.

WOMEN OF DISTINCTION - New Year's Eve in East Village on a cold nite at St. Marks there stood a proud woman on corner of despair, searching desperately for her loved one. Suddenly her eyes were attracted to the glare of all bright lights going on and off. In a moment of solitude a thought entered her mind. I heard this old expression on many occasions she murmurs to herself. For every light that flickers on and off there are a dozen sorrows in every bright light. She turns and walks away in the stillness of a cold and lonely nite. Mickey Volner.

NEW IN TOWN! Young handsome boy wishes to meet pretty girl. Share apartment. Rent etc. free. Reply: H.C. Box 102, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230.

Hear my Heart
when awareness devours a disease/
& guilt inherits the trapeze/
Hear my Heart
when prophecy avoids a crime/
& euthanasia prolongs spring-time/
yu-2-4471-ORPHEUS JR.

Intelligent, attractive, masculine student, 20, seeks male companion, 19-25, to help find love, (the only satisfactory answer to human existence) P.O. Box 274, Floral Park, N.Y. 11001.

Wanted: young, sincere, male friend by middle-aged, educated, slim male. Send details phone and photo please. Confidential. Box 405, Main P.O., Springfield, Mass.

Hear my Heart
when the monster resembles a violin/
& the storm obeys an origin/
Hear my Heart
when the fool finds a melody/
& the barbarian prays for a remedy/
yu-2-4471-ORPHEUS JR.

Beautiful young slender body building beefcake - white. A real swinging stud. Digs bells and boots, ripe bananas and rare meat. Desires correspondence with those interested in having a ball together. Photo brings fast reply. Peter Box 1625 Buffalo, New York 14216.

Talented muscular intellectual, attractive and responsible, wishes to visit aggressive unusually well-endowed enthusiasts of Greek culture. Box 3271, Grand Central, NYC 10017.

MAN 50, expert hypnotist wants to contact hypnotist. Has ingenious scheme where two working together can teach it to you free, quick and easy. Rasputin, the Svengali like monk did pretty good with this. Had women at his feet. Write giving telephone number. Paul P. Apt. 16L, 85 Presidential Blvd. Paterson, N.J.

Young man desires girl friend. I will answer the best letter I receive. Write Box No. 274, Red Bank, New Jersey 07701.

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year-old white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and . . . Let's talk about it. You won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., NYC. Please, gals only.

SELL PUSSY . . . GIRLS . . . need extra money fast for holiday gifts and trips to fun places? Can't make ends meet on your meagre salary? It's easy, just sell a few pieces of pussy every week to supplement your income. Societal attitudes have changed and no one is going to put you down for it. All the big corporations have hostesses on their payrolls for entertainment. THE SENSUALISTS.

SOCIAL-ENCOUNTER GROUP. Join a group of men and women in a unique and enjoyable evening of making contact thru touch and expressing feelings. Body awareness training, and total honesty. Tues., 8:30 P.M. till 12:00 and Fri., 10 P.M. till 6 A.M. Call 677-4263 mornings or 6-8 p.m. All females a guest the first time!

2 YOUNG MEN are available for the purposes of making you feel relaxed. Why not call us now phone no. 691-9831 to set up an appointment for a groovy rub from 2 p.m. to 8 p.m. Ask for Peter or Jeff.

PAUL for a relaxing rub down or nude model. Men only 988-0845.

GRADY AND CO. for the sensual rub phone 787-4916 two til midnight.

FOR THE ULTIMATE IN MASSAGE. Male and female clientele. Call Betty Neal. Lic N.Y.S. MU8 4681 and EL5-3192, 210 East 53rd St., between 2nd and 3rd Ave. Air conditioned.

JOHN THE MASSEUR - home & studio service. Men only. $20.00. 889-5477.

JIM'S RUBS FOR MEN are sensational and groovy. Day and night service at your home or my studio. Call 876-7662.

BOB & BOB'S RUBS. Young Black-White rubdown duo, working singularly or jointly "TO RUB YOU THE WAY YOU LIKE." 10 A.M. - 12 Midnight. Call 724-8184 or 982-4851.

UP TIGHT? COOL IT MAN. CLIMAX YOUR DAY WITH A MIND-BLOWING MASSAGE BY PIERO. BY APPOINTMENT. DAILY 10 AM TO 10 PM. CALL 734-5094. STUDIO OR RESIDENTIAL.

MANZINI SHOW — Rated M. Expect the unexpected. Live on stage, bondage escapes, exotic dancer, male-female beaver slides. Mondays 9p.m. only $2.00. MERMAID THEATRE, 420 West 42 St. 279-0295.

FEMALE NUDE FIGURE STUDIES Ten 5X7 prints, $5.75. SAMPLES $1.00. BANDUROS, Box 42087, Portland, Oregon 97242.

SCIENTIFIC DATING SERVICE INC. 147 West 42nd St. New York City Room 1018. Guaranteed Dates. AM: TA 8-7897, 12pm to 8pm OX 5-0158 and Sunday.

LETTER WRITERS. Don't answer an adult personal ad until you see what other people write. Dozens of hot letters answering AC/DC and straight ads placed by single girls and swinging couples just released (sent in plain wrapper). RUSH $2.00 for: THE LETTER FILE, Box 36603-EV, Hollywood 90036.

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MECHANICAL SEX TRIP. May we help in your search for the ultimate sex experience? We sell the VIBRA-SEX. It's a throbbing woman substitute made of vibrating skin-soft rubber. You'll find this and many other mind-blowing devices in our stimulating new catalog. Adults - Send $1.00 to TOOL AND SCREW WORKS, P.O. Box 1175, Seattle, Washington 98111.

SEXUAL CLIMAX is a totally beautiful experience with or without a partner. We have developed a complete line of hand-crafted erotic pleasure devices, to satisfy your every exotic desire. If 21, send $2.00 for a beautifully illustrated catalog to Bacchus / Co., p.o. box 387, Mill Valley, California.

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MARIJUANA. How to grow Super Quality Grass in your closet without Sun! Complete instructions cover ALL the fine details of grass farming!!! Satisfaction or refund! RUSH $2. Jim, Box 20365F, Long Beach 90801.

QUALITY Battery-Operated DeLuxe Personal VIBRATORS, 7" x 1¼", $5.00 each. Prime Strap-on Rubber HEALTH MATES, 6" x 1½", $5.00 each. Novelty FRENCH TICKLERS, $1.00 each (Minimum 3); 6-$5.00; 12-$9.00. All Items Shipped First Class. Postage Paid. No C.O.D. UniSales, Dept. E, P.O. Box 574, Times Sq. Station, New York 10036.

SUPERGRASS. BEST TURN-ON! BEST PRICE! Just like grass. Cook or smoke it. 100 percent LEGAL. One lid, $1.50, 4 for $5.00, 8 for $10.00. ON THE SPOT, 907 N. HARPER, BOX 3, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90046. (UNCOND. GUAR.)

EXTEND - for prolonging the male climax - 5 for $1.25. HEAD - covers just what name implies. 2 for 75c. FRENCH TICKLERS 1 for $1.25, 6 for $4.00. A sample of all 3, $2.00. HAILE, Box 147 A, Bay Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11$35.

Induce sexual desire in others. Rush $2.00 for yours to: APHRODISIACS, Box 74818-VO, Los Angeles 90004.

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Photo & text by G. R. Swenson

THE PERSONALITY OF THE ARTIST

An understanding of the works of Angus Sinclair, the late Scottish philosopher, might be helpful in understanding the paintings and boxes of Andy Warhol, although the artist might deny it. As for Warhol's images, we ought to be wary of reading any articulated philosophy into them. If anything, these objects on canvas and store boxes speak the "language in which inanimate things speak" (the language Hofmannsthal's Lord Chandos wanted to learn). "I want to be a machine," the painter has said, misleading many; his work does suppress those symptoms of modern art — personality and creativity — which have been sanctified to the point of blasphemy.

Art criticism has been as resistant to allowing the object to *make* feelings as most psychiatrists have been to allowing, for example, the head of government as a source for personal neurosis (except psychoanalytically through identification, a childhood fear of sexual authority, etc.). The paintings and boxes of Warhol *are* feelings, as much as paint in Abstract-Expressionist painting is paint; the artist's works have almost nothing to do with his white streaked hair or his pale skin.

Sinclair, in the "Sensations, Perceptions, Feelings, Emotions and Things" chapter of *Conditions of Knowing*, states that "experiencing things and objects as things and objects is the outcome of holding certain attitudes, and to hold and apply these requires a constant effort." That suggests an attitude to which few of us have come. Sinclair, in a footnote, suggests that we could probably develop a sensitivity to radar if it became necessary. To try to understand works of art which are not the result of personality may make us aware of an analogous need.

With a touch of prescience, Warhol's specific art has provided us with a means of seeing and feeling a place (things) which we have not seen and possibly have not sensed before.

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